

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
53-27-29 N. P. St. Phone 15

HOBERT W. BURL, Editor
An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates
By Mail—In Advance
Daily, per year, \$3.00
Daily, six months, \$1.75

By Carrier in Advance—Medford, Astoria, Jacksonville, Central Falls, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highways, \$4.00
Daily, six months, \$2.50
Daily, per year, \$3.00

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches received by it or otherwise credited to this paper and also to the local news published herein.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
H. C. WOODRUM & COMPANY
Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland.

OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

NRA MEMBER

Ye Smudge Pot

The 1934 auto will have front seats with room for three people. The 7-passenger car of today generally has four couples and a driver in the front seat, so you can figure out for yourself what the revised quota will be.

All the business statistics indicate that humanity is taking money away from each other, faster than a year ago.

The Portland Journal proposal to defeat the Sales Tax, by paying the regular tax, is also entirely too sensible to ever be adopted.

Next to the news that Bolivia and Paraguay have ceased a war that nobody knew they were fighting, nothing has created less commotion than the information that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a film actor, will wed Agn in March.

Mr. Fairbanks' denial that he would become a British citizen, also caused no furor.

Edd Brown, who was killed by a rumor last week-end, is out refuting the same as best he can.

The new motor licenses of black and grey are out. The secretary of state has again failed to select a color combination that pleases everybody.

J. Kort Hall, the pioneer thinker who once predicted that "the tractor will never displace the horse," is enjoying a visit from his boy, Seelye, now a voter of Seattle, Wash. Seelye used to go swimming every New Year's day in Rogue river, and the boy waters so thoroughly chilled him, that his Paw contracted the rheumatism.

A referee has been selected for the Stanford-Columbia football game in the Rose Bowl, just the same as if Stanford would need him.

The skiing season has started, but as yet nobody wearing ski trousers, has hit a stumpy, and landed on the other side of the Umpqua Divide.

Leading citizens are rapidly regaining the cheerfulness they should have shown when the Depression was merriest.

"Seven families butchered, and everybody is now eating backbones and spareribs" (Patsy's items). Gruesome note from the wide open spaces.

The naval observatory time, as furnished by the Western Union and Postal Telegraph, is once more in conflict with Jim Batea the barber's watch. An astronomer has made a bum guess, and the Sun and Moon are inaccurate.

But just why the government should, in effect, pay a dime to the artist, allowing them apparently to do more or less what they like in return for it, is not clear.—(Kansas City Star.) You are a mean old Republican! If you were a true-blue Democrat it would be clear!

The financial situation has now been worked around to a point where some of the silver mines of this vicinity will have to prove it.

Samuel Insull, a favorite cussing topic for Oregonians who failed to get their electric-lights-for-nothing, per 1930 campaign promise, has been removed from the Chicago social register. Mr. Insull is now an exile in Greece. As yet the social elite of Chicago have not returned him the \$7,000,000 he donated for a civic opera house.

Several with new suits of clothes, have taken a firm and brave stand against wends in vacant lots, causing the suspicion to arise they will run for something in the spring primary.

SO DO WE ALL
When we were in school, we were fairly good at arithmetic, but we remove our hat reverently to old William de Hart, 71, who worked in a warehouse for \$90 a month and managed to accumulate savings of \$100,000. We're figured it out that twelve times ninety comes to \$1080 a year and a little mental arithmetic convinces us that if Mr. de Hart saved every cent he earned he'd have had to work nearly a hundred years to earn \$100,000.—(San Francisco Ball-Bulletin.)

It Can't Be Done—Now

AN upstate supporter of the sales tax, believes if the proper campaign is put on, sufficient signatures to the referendum will never be secured.

Vain hope! Sufficient signatures to any referendum can be secured. Sufficient signatures to any initiative measure can be secured. All that is needed is sufficient money to pay the petition circulators.

Whether or not there is a popular demand for the action proposed, has very little to do with the case.

Experience has clearly demonstrated that if solicited, nine voters out of ten will sign ANYTHING. Many will sign without even knowing what they are signing. As the circulators are paid for every signature secured there is no lack of energy on their part.

As a result any active minority however small, provided it has the money, can secure referendum or initiative action in this state, on any measure, at any time, and the people must pay for it,—that is they must pay for the expense of the election called.

SUCH a situation was never anticipated by those who originated the Oregon system. They did not seek to destroy representative government, but to strengthen it. They wanted to break boss rule, by placing ultimate control, where it belongs, in the hands of the people.

In this they succeeded. But in their success, true representative government was destroyed, and direct government put in its place. So what we now have is actually minority government, subject to majority control. That is an active minority, can initiate legislative action,—and does so repeatedly,—but nothing is settled permanently until the people either endorse or repudiate that action.

WE may be mistaken—hope we are,—but in our judgment this is the sort of set-up a majority of the people of this state want. It is expensive, inefficient, bunglesome,—it lowers the quality of public service, and makes every election a field day for the windbag and the demagogue,—but it does render boss rule impossible, it absolutely prevents any return to political control by the so-called vested interests.

And isn't that what the average man—and woman,—wants? We think so. Fear is still the controlling motive, rather than the desire to place government upon an efficient, rational and business-like basis. Fear of something worse, rather than hope for something better, is what determines our elections.

That is why the time-honored cry of Wall Street—that Big Bad Wolf, Big Business,—is so effective. The judicious may grieve and the enlightened deplore,—but when the votes are counted, nine times out of ten it's the fear psychology that wins.

SOME day all this will change, for democracy to survive, must eliminate the germs within itself which threaten its destruction. But evolution is a tedious process. That day we fear is pretty far in the future.

Not Free Silver

THERE appears to be considerable misapprehension regarding the president's recent silver proclamation. One enthusiastic individual at least perhaps unduly exhilarated by the reports of all night celebrations in certain Colorado silver camps, rushed into this sanctum sanctorum to inform Ye Editor, that at last the late William Jennings Bryan had been vindicated.

"Free silver!" he shouted, "hot dickety, now watch the old West hum!"

Hot Dickety may be right, but there is no free silver involved. Free silver of course referred to the free coinage of silver. It was a real battle cry 40 years ago. If we remember aright, it was at the Denver mint that a trio of silver miners demanded that the silver bullion they packed be minted into silver dollars, and when the director refused, started action in the supreme court to compel such action. It would have been pretty soft for those who had silver, for the market price for the metal was rapidly declining, but not so soft for those who didn't. These miners went further than Bryan. The Great Commoner merely advocated the acceptance of silver as a reserve for currency at a fixed ratio with gold at 16 to one—that is 16 ounces of silver to equal one ounce of gold.

IN his recent action President Roosevelt doesn't enter into this matter at all. The government is merely going to buy NEWLY MINTED silver, at about a 50 percent increase in price, and is going to coin HALF of that into dollars.

Not bad for the silver producing states—about seven out of 48, Oregon not being among the lucky seven. In fact very good. But not free silver, no vindication for William Jennings Bryan, merely the same sort of relief for the silver miners that has been extended the farmers and gold miners and other needy groups in this sorely harassed country of ours.

True it will help. More money will be circulated in these seven states, but better business in one section, means better business in all. But there will be no inflation. As Paul Mallon pointed out in his column "you can't inflate five billion dollar currency with an eighteen million wad of silver."

Moreover there is nothing very new in this pronouncement. President Roosevelt merely followed out the international agreement on silver reached at the London conference. Among the higher-ups the action had been discounted several months ago.

"But every little bit added to what you got makes a little bit more." The president has satisfied the silver advocates for the time being, just as he pleased the producers of gold, when he launched his gold buying plan. Free silver and permanent abandonment of the gold standard, however, are as far away as ever. Nevertheless, the boost for silver is all to the good.

WILLAMETTE CHANNEL LEAVING SALEM DOCKS

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 27.—(UP)—Shifting of the Willamette river channel westward is so rapid that within a few years the docks on the Salem side would be left on dry land at low water stage, County Engineer Hedda Swart said last night.

Recession of recent flood waters here showed the channel had shifted abruptly during the high waters.

WOMAN WAR SCRIBE PASSES IN PORTLAND

PORTLAND, Dec. 27.—(AP)—Probably the only woman war correspondent in the Spanish-American war, Mrs. Jean Bryan Sicksel, 63, died here Tuesday.

Mrs. Sicksel conducted a children's page for the Oregonian here prior to the outbreak of the war, and when the conflict started the newspaper sent her to the Philippines as a correspondent.

In later years Mrs. Sicksel's poetry attracted wide attention.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE TOO MUCH CARBON MONOXIDE IN YOUR BLOOD?

A test of the air for the presence of carbon monoxide is made by shaking to saturation in the air a test tube containing a few spoonfuls of normal blood solution, which is yellow when quite dilute. This turns pink if there is carbon monoxide in the air.



There is a quick and fairly accurate quantitative test for carbon monoxide in the blood, the pyrotanolic acid method, which can be made in a few minutes from the blood obtained by a prick of the finger.

Painless gas heaters, that is, heaters burning in the middle of the room without flues, or in a false "fireplace" without a chimney, are the most common source of chronic carbon monoxide poisoning. Radiant heaters, though most efficient, are nevertheless the most dangerous when used without proper fire connections to carry off the products of combustion. Unscrupulous agents sometimes assure the unwary householder that "all harmful gases are completely consumed or burned" by the special burner, and therefore no flue connection or chimney is necessary.

That is untrue. For safety and health never burn any fuel in a room unless there is adequate provision to carry the products of the combustion out of the room.

By tests of the blood for carbon monoxide it has been found that nearly everyone living in the city has a small trace of the poison in his blood constantly. Following the smoking of a few cigarettes or a pipe or cigar the quantity of carbon monoxide in the blood rises considerably. In my opinion this slight carbon monoxide poisoning from smoking accounts for many ill effects of excessive smoking.

Photographers "hypos"—sodium hyposulphite, otherwise called "good remedy for the after effects of carbon monoxide poisoning" and also a good remedy to relieve the unpleasant symptoms of monoxide poisoning.

First, like a b-o-m-b-i-n-g q-u-a-k, I should provide the prospective customer with some symptoms, I suppose. Well, at that there may be no great harm in mentioning a few of the more common complaints of persons suffering with chronic CO poisoning: Headache, pallor, impaired nutrition, "stomach trouble," "neurasthenia," A

na. France, resulted in collecting a lot of good stories not between book covers. Some are for the drawing room and others for the smoking car. Almost every new yarn is dubbed "a Bromfield."

The Billmore has been opening a rendezvous for on-the-loose collegiates, especially from Princeton, Yale and Harvard. Many hotels have such a vogue for a season or so, but the Billmore has maintained the lead. At the time the dining rooms and divans are filled with them and their high-pitched chirpings.

Most New York hotels are too large to provide the pleasure afforded by a small town inn, the sort that flings itself into quick activity to give the best it has. No subtle flattery is comparable to the modest bustle that follows such an arrival. How delicious the deference of the landlord, in person, who flings open the door of his best room to "hope it will do." There are smells and sizzle from the kitchen, the bent back of the sleepy waiter kindling the fire, and perhaps the stray dog that wanders in to look you over and respectfully retire.

Somewhere there must be one of those play-on-word puns in Claire Luce's \$25,000 a year separation from her young sportsman husband but after a long romp with the dog, I can't handle it. The best I can do until I catch my breath is: Claire's Luce. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)



Place Vendôme with the 20 years has circled the anniversary of an Augustus John. His weekly jets at the American club luncheon are often printed in full in the English speaking dailies of the city.

His summers are spent in his 200-year-old chateau, now modernized, a half hour ride from Paris. His young wife, the beautiful Dodo, former model, is his constant companion. A great artist, some suspect his Buffalo Bill hair and Latin quarter hat are concessions to a love for comedy.

In his apartment in the Rue Jardin are perpetuated the old and glorious French salons. In a not unusual gathering there one winter afternoon, I recall seeing Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, Floyd Gibbons, Marcel Frost, Jo Davidson, the famous Praxitelean clown and Ralph Barton.

There was the time White missed a taxicab step and was trundled home with a severe strain. A local jolting in the Paris edition of the Tribune next day announced: Gilbert White is forced to remain in his room for several days with a well turned ankle. From his couch of pain he dispatched a petit-blue to the editor: "What do you mean—forced?"

Manhattan's reigning Grand Old Man is old Dwight D. Webb, a callant and handsome remnant of that fine old Knickerbocker stock that once supplied the city with its real 400. Col. Webb is 80 and wears his crisp white mustache, evening clothes and silk hat with the jauntness of a young blood. A cavalier, whose ribbon was handed to him by Matsushita Koch in person, he has the courtesy and serenity of genteel phrases of a long-out social era. His firm double row of teeth are without a single filling and he has the springy step of an athlete.

So far as I've noticed, only one chauffeur-driven car maintains a footman. The car is owned by an upper Fifth avenue nouveau riche, who employs two press agents—one for the social end, one for feature stories. The liveries has a double row of brass buttons marching down the front, and collar and cuffs are pure sable. O yes, the laprobe is of ermine.

Louis Bromfield's home staff in Genoa.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

HOLIDAY business in Southern Oregon this year was unexpectedly good — much better, in general, than a year ago, and in some cases the best in three years.

Whether this was true of the country as a whole, we have not yet had time to find out, but presumably it was. There was no special stimulus in Southern Oregon to make business better than average.

So we may assume safely that business everywhere was better.

Well, people spent more money. Spending more money is the only thing that CAN make the business better, for business is a matter of buying and selling.

So we can answer that question without a bit of hesitation.

THIS question arises: Why did people spend more money during this holiday season?

This must be the answer: Because they have recovered their confidence sufficiently to believe that if they spend the dollar that is in their pockets they will be able to get ANOTHER dollar to take its place.

For nearly three years people lacked this confidence. They felt, uneasily, that the dollar in their pocket might be the last dollar they would ever be able to earn.

Peeling that way, their inclination was to hang on to money like grim death, spending it only for the most elemental necessities.

W HAT TALK about lack of confidence. Just what do we mean when we say that?

We can't mean lack of confidence in stability of this country, for even in the darkest days last spring, with every bank in the country closed, there was no lack of confidence in the future of the country itself.

So what we must mean is lack of confidence in our ability and the ability of others to earn more money—either in the form of wages or in the form of profits.

If we lack confidence in our ability to earn more money, we will naturally hang onto what we have just as long as possible.

When we begin to spend again, it MUST mean that we are getting back our confidence in our ability to EARN again.

ANOTHER thing helped to make business better this holiday season—the CWA money.

This money was relatively small in amount, but it circulated rapidly. Within a few hours after the first CWA payroll checks were issued, they began to show up in the stores.

In other words, this CWA money moved, and it moved fast. It is the speed with which money moves, you know, that makes business good.

THE CWA program, in this writer's humble judgment, is the first government program for the stimulation of business that has ACTUALLY WORKED.

It has worked because the CWA money has got out into the hands of people who promptly spent it for goods and services. You can pile up money in the vaults of the banks until these vaults are ready to burst, and it won't help business a particle.

You have to get money OUT WORKING before it can help business. The CWA program has done just that.

It may bankrupt us in the long run, but there is no denying the fact that it is helping right now.

A new centrifugal type pump using gasoline to cool its motor helps send gasoline through a pipeline from Oklahoma oil fields.

BORAH SPEAKS FOR INFLATION



Senator William E. Borah (right) as he spoke before the national garage convention in Boise, Ida., urging inflation of currency and restoration of the anti-trust laws. Louis J. Taber, national master, is standing with him.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of the Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY December 27, 1923. (It was Thursday.)

Paul McDonald is elected commander of the American Legion.

County tax levy is 24.9 mills, 1.9 mills less than last year.

Both marriages and divorces increased in past year in Jackson County.

Three prospective candidates for sheriff announce "I wouldn't have it on a silver platter. I can't afford to make the race, as business is too good."

One-man "tax revolt" in Beagle district subsides, and he pays his taxes.

Statistics show that Medford is "overrun with jazz orchestra; there must be close to 25—but not all playing at the same time."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY December 27, 1913. (It was Saturday.)

Agitators deported from California towns.

A cold wave sweeps over the valley.

Granta Pasa man, on visit here, claims he was given "knockout drops" and robbed of \$500. Police doubt it.

Eggs drop 15 cents in three days.

Swedish Yule-fest at Smith's hall, New Year's day.

Water to be shut off all day to repair a broken main.

Meteorological Report

December 27, 1933.

Forecast.

Medford and vicinity: Unsettled with occasional rain tonight and Thursday; little change in temperature.

Oregon: Unsettled tonight and Thursday. Occasional rains west and north portions. Little change in temperature.

Local Data.

Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 54; lowest, 36.

Total monthly precipitation, 1.97 inches.

Deficiency for the month 57 inch. Total precipitation since September 1, 1933, 3.44 inches.

Deficiency for the season, 3.43 inches.

Relative humidity at 6 p. m. yesterday, 91 per cent; 5 a. m. today 100 per cent.

Tomorrow: Sunrise, 7:29 a. m. Sunset, 4:47 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 a. m., 129 Meridian Time.

Table with columns: City, High Temp, Low Temp, Precipitation, Wind, Clouds, Visibility, Barometer, Humidity, Direction, Speed, State.

By United Press.

At New York—Coliseum—Dick Shilhat, Philadelphia, three Harry Field, New York; Paul Zelinski, Brooklyn, drew with Yank Beznach, Russia; Tony Coleman, Italy, drew with Bull Komar, Lithuania; Little Beaver, Oklahoma, three Mike Venke, Chicago; Jack Humberto, Italy, drew with Andy Brown, Chicago; Jack Sherry, Chicago, threw Sid Westrich, Bronx.

BABY BORN IN STALLED AUTO

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—(UP)—An eight-pound boy was born today in an automobile stalled at a busy Bronx street intersection and a baby to proceed toward a hospital because of snowdrifts.

After his car had stalled, the father hurried on foot to the Bronx Maternity hospital, but the child was born before aid could arrive. The mother, who was alone in the car, announced the stork's arrival by vigorous blasts of the auto horn.

Mother and son were then taken on a stretcher to the hospital, where they were reported "doing nicely." Hospital officials did not make public names of the parents.

Mrs. Emil Peters of Georgetown, Ky., is the first woman to be elected a trustee of Georgetown college, there.

ONE WEEK Starts Sat. Dec. 30

1000 SURPRISES AND SENSATIONS! Warner Bros. presents the "Gold Digger" with a beautiful cast of new musical super-stars.



FOOTLIGHT PARADE

300 Girls... 20 Stars... including JAMES CAGNEY, RUBY KEELER, DICK POWELL, JOAN BLOWELL.

HOLY

Here Till Friday Night It's for Both Old and Young

LEWIS CARROLL'S

"Alice in Wonderland"

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

as "Alice" RICHARD ARLEN, ROSCO ATE, GARY COOPER, LEON ERROL, LOUISE FAZENDA, W. C. FIELDS, SKEETS GALLAGHER, CARY GRANT, RAYMOND HATTON, EDWARD HORTON, ROSCOE KARN, BABY LEROY, MAE MARSH, POLLY MORAN, JACK OAKIE, EDNA MAY OLIVER, MAY ROBSON, CHARLIE RUGGLES, ALISON SKIPWORTH, NED SPARKS, FORD STERLING.

Directed by Norman Krasna

A Paramount Picture



ALSO

Charlie Chase Comedy, "The Creaky Iceman" News Reel Cartoon, "The Spite Flight"